CIVIL WAR II: ULYSSES

MARVEL INFINITE COMICS

002

UH...I'LL SEE YOU GUYS LATER?

I AM KARNAK.

AND MY *GIFT*--BUILT FROM YEARS OF STUDY--IS TO SEE THE *FLAWS IN ALL THINGS.*

I GUESS?

THE BOY HOVERING AT MY THRESHOLD CALLS HIMSELF *ULYSSES.* HE HAS BEEN SENT TO ME FOR *TRAINING.*

HIS GIFT, I AM TOLD, IS TO SEE THE *FUTURE.*

WAIT FOR *ME*--

BUT THIS FUTURE-SIGHT-- OR HIS *USE* OF IT--IS *FLAWED.*

IT *MUST* BE.

SLAMM

HE HAS ENTERED WILLINGLY.

CIVIL WAR II: ULYSSES

TOWER OF WISDOM, PART II

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HE WILL LEARN *BETTER.*

LOCK.

AT YOUR COMMAND, MAGISTER.

UM. *HI?* YOU'RE AN INHUMAN *TOO*, RIGHT?

WHAT'S *YOUR* DEAL?

MY "DEAL." MY GIFT.
I AM LOCK.

MY GIFT IS TO ATTUNE MYSELF--MY BEING, MY SOUL--TO ANY ONE DOOR OR PORTAL.
AND THEN...

SHLUUUKK

AND AS LONG AS MY HANDS ARE TOGETHER, *THUS*...*NOTHING* CAN OPEN THE DOOR TO WHICH I AM BOUND.
NO FORCE OF *MAN* NOR OF *MAGIC*.

IS
MY GIFT NOT
BEAUTIFUL?

UHH.

I...I, UH...

ENOUGH.
FOLLOW.

IS--

IS SOMETHING LIKE THAT GOING TO HAPPEN TO *ME?* AM *I* GOING TO--TO TURN INTO S-SOMETHING LIKE--

ARE YOU GOING TO BECOME *BEAUTIFUL?*

IT SEEMS *UNLIKELY.*

NOW. YOU HAVE *LESSONS* TO LEARN, AND *FRIENDS* TO MEET.

FRIENDS?

FRIENDS OF THE TOWER.

GLOW.

IN A HAPPY MOOD, I SEE.

MAGISTER!

I--IT'S A NICE DAY--

A "NICE DAY."

THE *ROCK* WE EXIST ON HAS REVOLVED *ONCE*, AS IT CIRCLES THE BALL OF *NUCLEAR FIRE* THAT WILL ONE DAY DESTROY US *ALL*.

A SPHERE OF DEATH THAT IS *ITSELF* HURTLING THROUGH A BLANK AND UNCOMPREHENDING *VOID*, WITHOUT *MEANING*, WITHOUT *PURPOSE*.

NOTHING IS "NICE."

MODERATE YOUR *GIFT*, GLOW.

WHAT...?

THE WALLS OF THE TOWER ARE INFUSED WITH A BIOLUMINESCENT *LICHEN.* GLOW'S GIFT IS TO *CONTROL* IT.

BUT TOO *MUCH* LIGHT IS *DECADENT.*

NOW, BEHOLD.
THE ROOM OF PERFECT THOUGHT.

AND THIS IS THE *DINING HALL.*

OH, COOL. I WAS STARTING TO GET--

HHORRP

NEVER MIND.

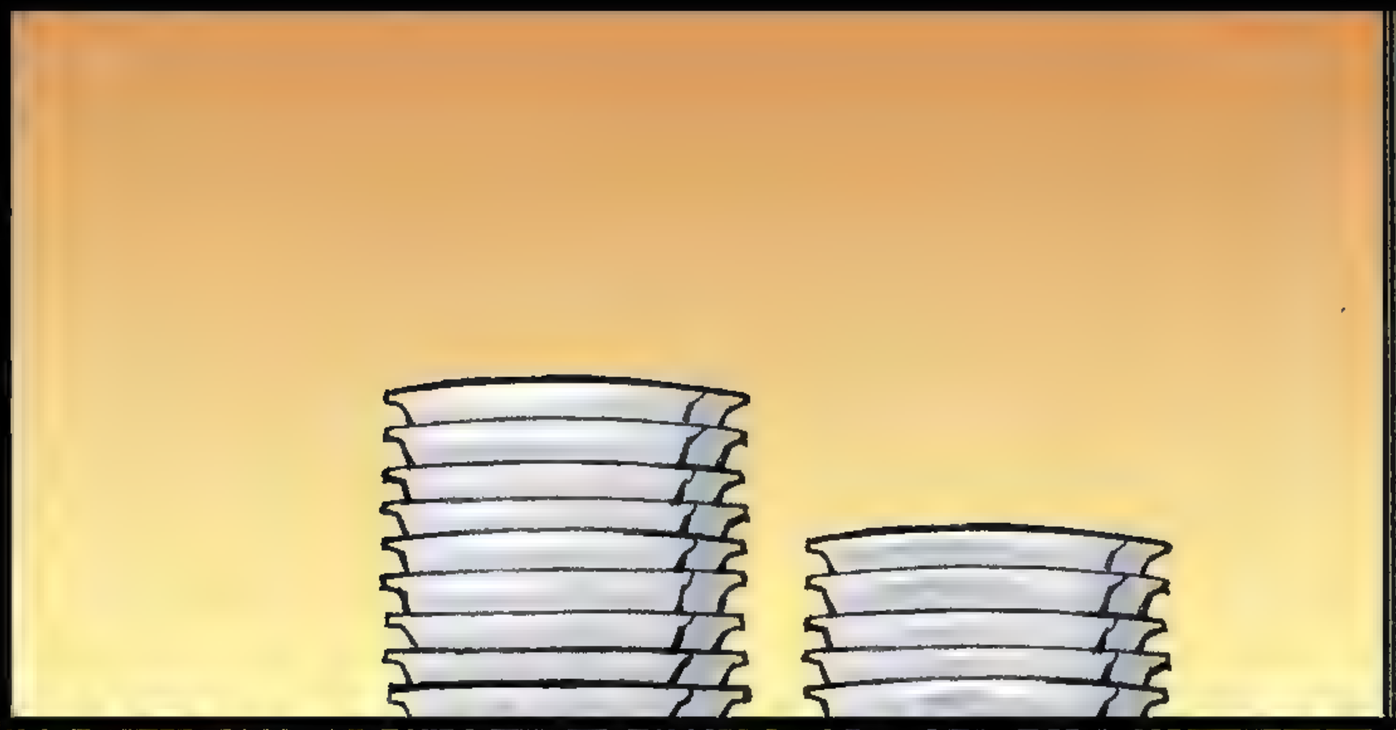
SHLUP SHLUP

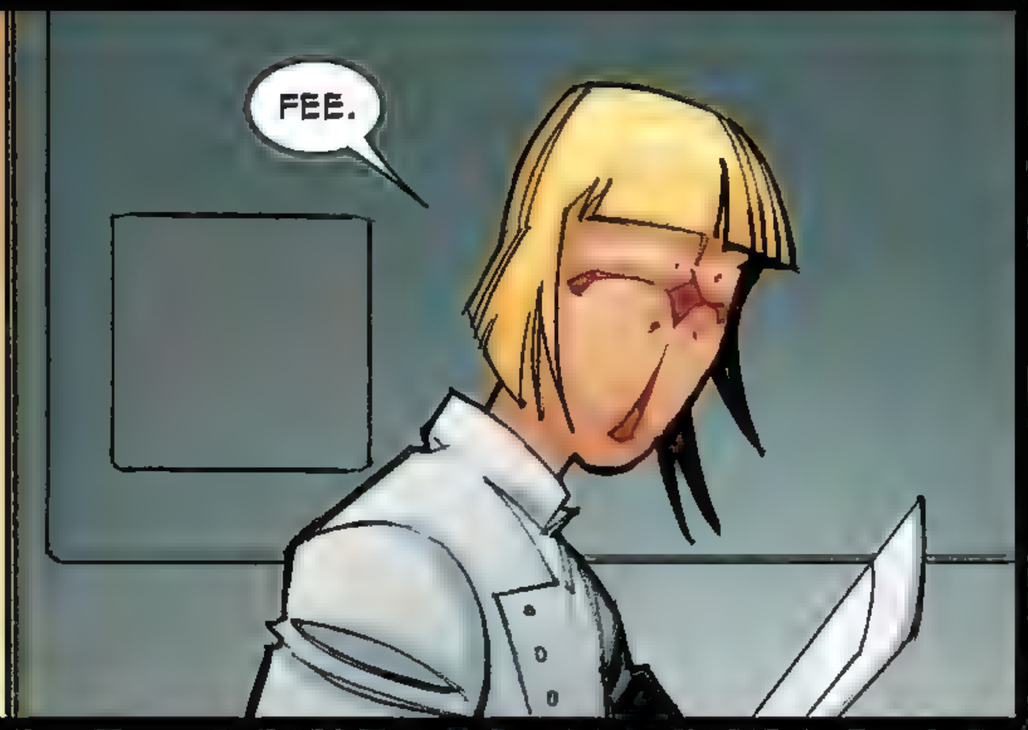
THE *KITCHENS.*

ON CERTAIN DAYS, YOU WILL WORK *HERE,* ASSISTING THE CHEF.

ON OTHER DAYS, THERE WILL BE OTHER TASKS.

...THE CHEF?

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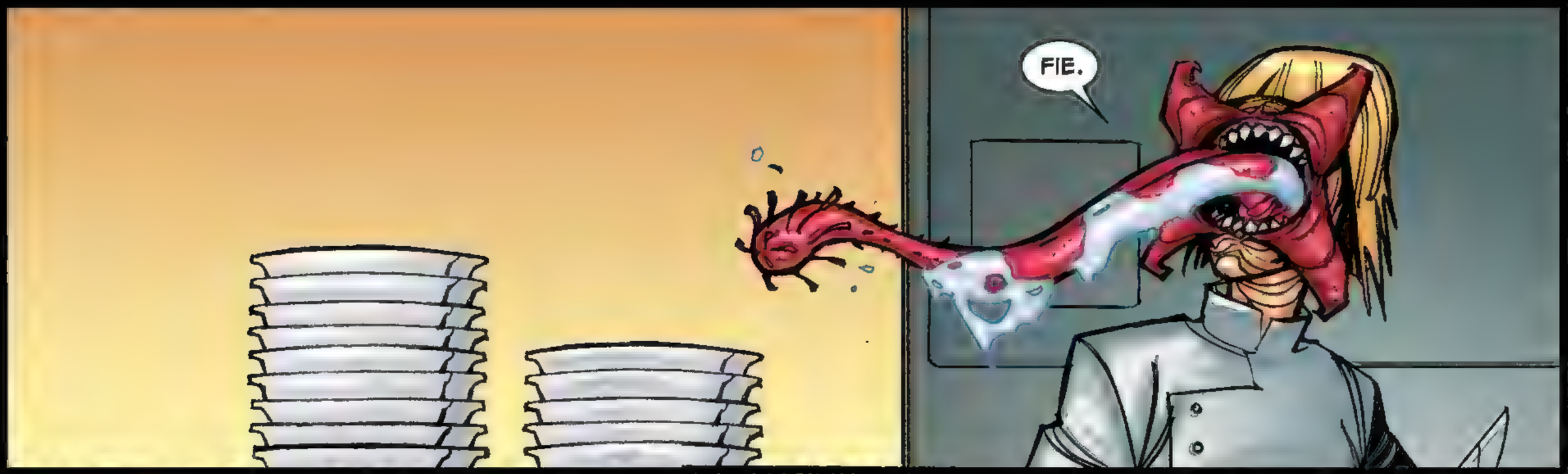
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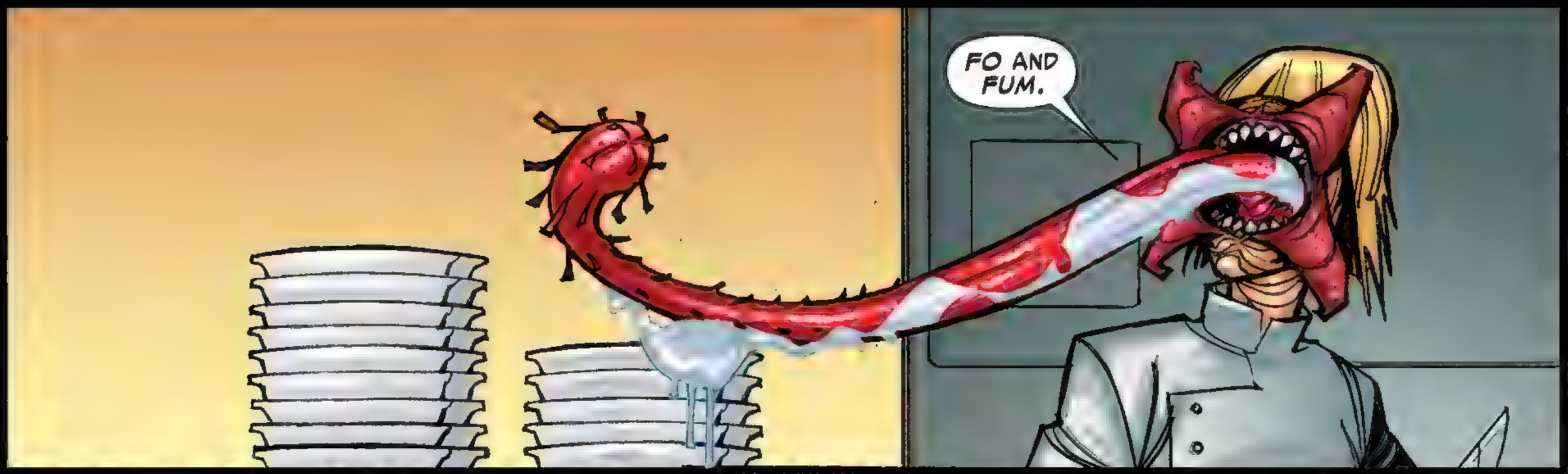

FO AND FUM.

I TASTE THE SOUL OF AN IN-HU-MAN.

TONGUE.

HER ONLY SENSE IS *TASTE.*

AND YET, THAT SENSE IS SO *REFINED* THAT IT TAKES THE PLACE OF ALL *OTHER* SENSES.

SHE CAN TASTE *LIGHT*. TASTE THE *SOUNDS* IN THE AIR.

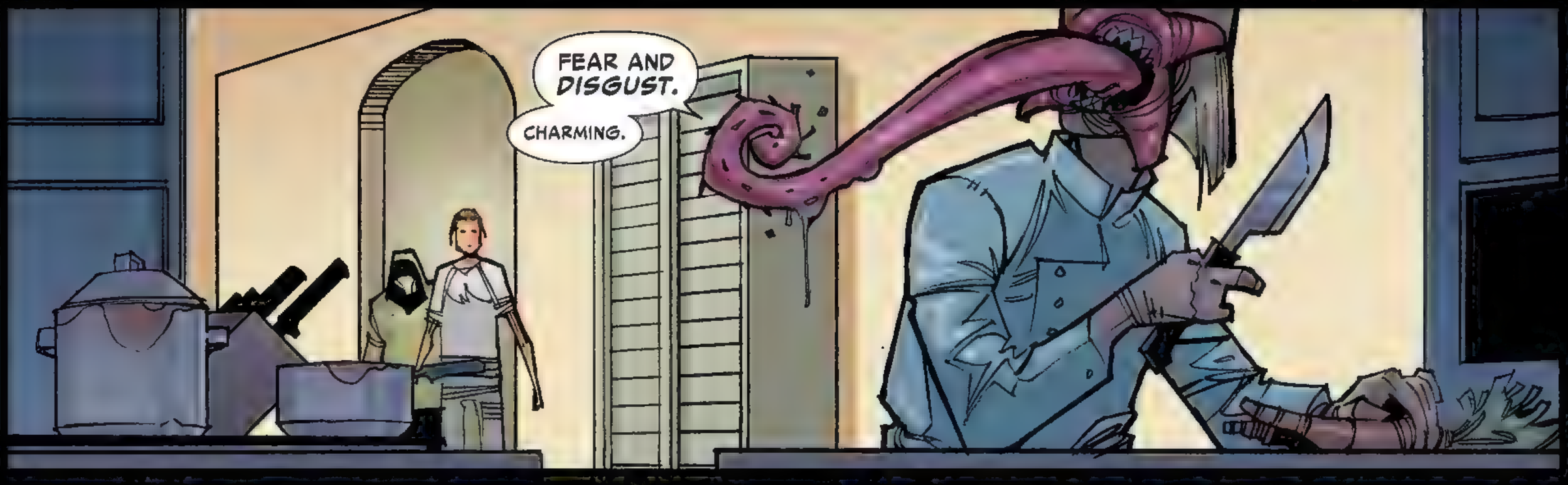
SHE CAN TASTE *MUSIC*.

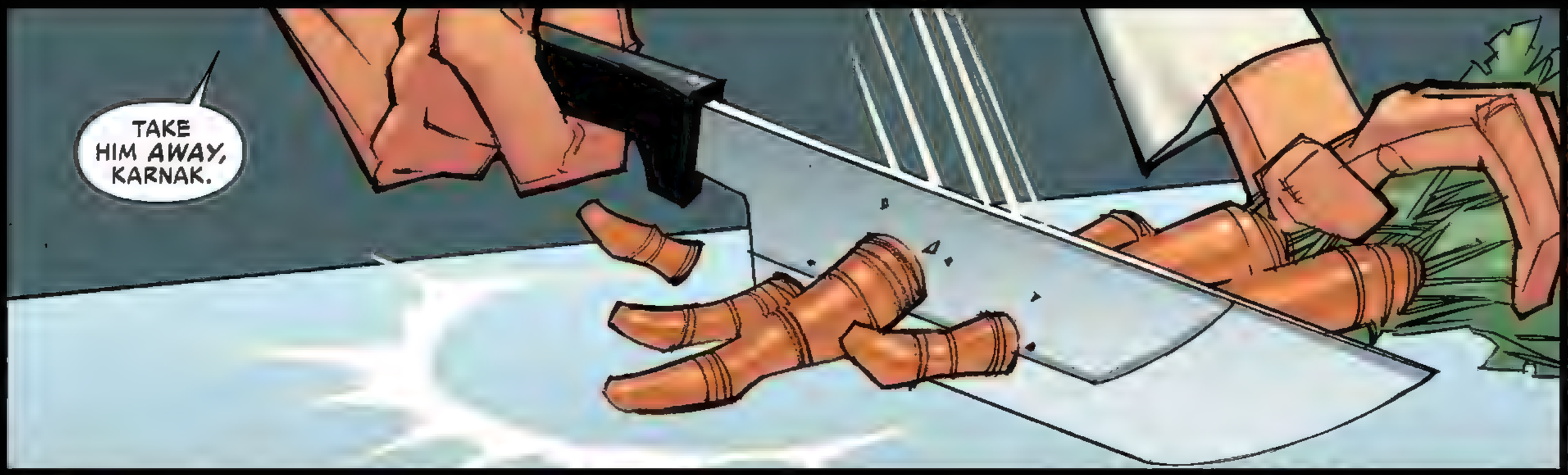
OH GOD.

OH GOD.

NO MUSIC HERE.

ONLY *FEAR.*


FEAR AND DISGUST.
CHARMING.


TAKE HIM AWAY, KARNAK.

WH...WHAT...

FLAVOR IS A *DISTRACTION.* THE GRUEL SERVED HERE MUST HAVE NO TRACE OF IT.

TONGUE *ENJOYS* THE CHALLENGE OF CREATING DISHES EVEN *SHE* CAN FIND NO JOY IN.

APPARENTLY IT IS A REFRESHING *CHANGE* FROM HER WORK AT THE *ROYAL COURT--*

WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?

YOU *LIVE* HERE?

THIS WHOLE PLACE--IT'S A *FREAK SHOW!* IT'S FULL OF--OF *MONSTERS!*

THAT *THING* IN THERE--

--HHCCHH!

ENOUGH.

YOU ARE NO LONGER IN THE HUMAN WORLD, BOY.

YOU NO LONGER EXIST.
YOUR NAME HAS NO MEANING.
YOUR VALUES HAVE NO MEANING.

NOTHING HAS MEANING.

NOTHING IS REAL.

YOU ARE NOT REAL.

ALL THAT IS REAL IS THE *TOWER.*

WHERE WE *BECOME* REAL. WHERE WE BECOME *GREAT.*

AND IF YOU EVER AGAIN SPEAK OF THE TOWER OR A FRIEND OF THE TOWER IN THAT

TONE

HHKKK--

I WILL *SHOW* YOU WHAT A MONSTER IS.

AT *LENGTH.*

HHAAHHH!

I AM YOUR MAGISTER, BOY.
AND YOU HAVE MUCH TO LEARN.

THIS IS YOUR CELL.

B-BETTER AND BETTER.

EVERYTHING YOU NEED IS HERE.

A BED. A *BUCKET.*

AS YOU ARE AN HONORED GUEST OF THE TOWER, *WATER* HAS BEEN PROVIDED FOR YOU.

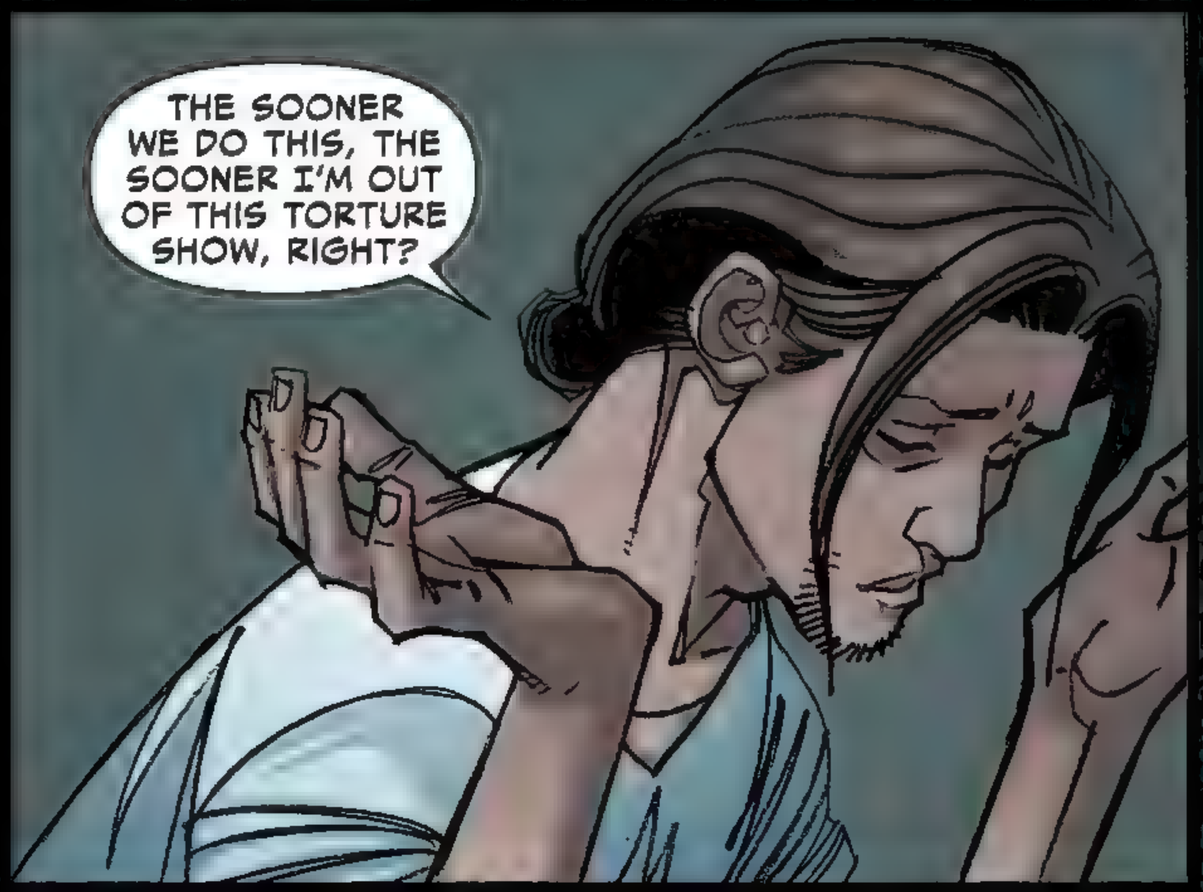
YIPPEE.

YES. YIPPEE.

NOW. LET US DISCUSS YOUR GIFT.

SURE, OKAY.

KLIK


THE SOONER WE DO THIS, THE SOONER I'M OUT OF THIS TORTURE SHOW, RIGHT?

TORTURE. YES.

I APPLY TORTURE QUITE *OFTEN.*

IN THE HUMAN WORLD.

...WHAT?

IT'S NOT *VERY* USEFUL FOR GATHERING *CREDIBLE INTELLIGENCE.*

BUT. I APPLY IT *ANYWAY.*

MOSTLY, I ENJOY THE FEELING OF *POWER.*

YOU--

YOU'RE A PSYCHO--
AM I?

IF THIS WAS TELEVISION, YOU'D SAY I WAS "TOUGH."
THAT I "GET THINGS DONE."

YOU'D CALL ME A HERO.
IN THE HUMAN WORLD.

I'M GOING TO TOUCH YOU NOW.

IT WON'T BE FATAL.

STAY--STAY BACK--

OR MAYBE IT WILL.

YOU ANNOYED ME.

STAY BACK! S-STAY AWAY FROM--

--ME--
WHY CAN'T I WAKE UP?
HAVE I BEEN--
THIS IS WHEN IT HAPPENS.

SO.
ACCUMULATED STRESS CAN BE A *TRIGGER.*

HAVE I BEEN HERE BEFORE?

WHY CAN'T I WAKE UP?

THIS IS WHEN IT HAPPENS.

ULYSSES.

CAN YOU HEAR ME?

THIS IS WHEN IT HAPPENS.

TELL ME WHAT YOU *SEE.*

THEY'RE ALL DEAD!
ALL OF THEM!

THEY'RE ALL GOING TO DIE!

TO BE CONTINUED...

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"